

Soldiers Lamentation

For the LOSS of their

GENERAL.

In a LETTER from the Recruiters in London,
to their Friends in Flanders.

To the Tune of, To you fair Ladies, &c.

1.
TO you, dear Brothers, who in vain
Have curb'd the Pride of France,
And over Flander's fruitful Plain
Made *Monsieurs* skip and dance,
We send the News of Grief and Woe,
You've lost your gallant Marl——
With a fa, la, la, la, la, la, la.

2.
Resolv'd to conquer once again,
We came to raise Recruits :
But to what purpose serve our Pains,
If these be all the Fruits?
Since Marl—— must no more command,
We can't do better than disband.
With a fa, la, &c.

3.
Ambitious *Lewis* thought by War
All Europe to enslave,
But Heaven with indulgent Care
To us great Marl—— gave ;
To fight 'gainst *Popish* Tyranny,
For Laws, Religion, Liberty.
With a fa, la, &c.

4.
Near strong *Nimeguen's* well-wall'd Town,
We first heard Wars Alarms,
And there we made the *Frenchmen* own
The force of *English* Arms.
No Town, no Castle, could withstand,
Where valiant Marl—— did command.
With a fa, la, &c.

5.
When false as proud *Bavaria* grown
By thriving Treason great,
The *Roman* Eagles had o'erthrown
And forc'd them to retreat ;
The sinking Empires Hopes were lost,
Till Marl—— brought his conquering Host.
With a fa, la, &c.

6.
First *Schellenberg* in Blood embu'd,
His eager Valour try'd,
Where they who Eagles had subdu'd,
By Lyons Fury dy'd.
French and *Bavarians* all did yield
In fatal *Bleinheim's* glorious Field.
With a fa, la, &c.

7.
In Flanders then, the Traytor Duke
By spite alone made brave,
A valiant Resolution took,
And fairly Battle gave :
But flight once more his Honour stains,
In fam'd *Ramilly's* bloody Plains.
With a fa, la, &c.

8.
Although brave Marl——'s generous Care,
His faithful Soldiers spar'd ;
Yet all the strongest Towns of War
In vain 'gainst him were barr'd :
In thrice three Days he forc'd *Offend*,
Which *Spain* could scarce at 3 Years end.
With a fa, la, &c.

9.
Hereat the grand Monarch perplex,
By force not like to thrive,
With treacherous *Ghent* and *Bruges* next
A Project did contrive ;
But all their great Designs were marr'd,
By meeting him at *Oudenard*.
With a fa, la, &c.

10.
Brussels to save, both fair and fast
From base *Bavaria's* might,
The guarded *Scheld* was to be pass'd,
Ev'n in their Armies fight :
But soon the *Frenchmen* all were flown,
When noble Marl—— led us on.
With a fa, la, &c.

But Oh! the Wonders which were seen,
At *Blancis* trench'd in Blood,
Where Men trench'd up to the Chin,
As in a Castle stood;
Led on by *Marl* — the Great,
Even there the *Britain* Storm'd and Beat,
With a *fa, la, &c.*

12.

Behind their stronger Lines they got
Last Year encamp'd again,
But there he pass'd without a Shot,
And took the strong *Bouchain*:
So would he beat them o're and o're,
Could *Villar's* stand at every Door:
With a *fa, la, &c.*

13.

Brave Leader, with such vast Success,
By bounteous Heaven crown'd,
Who can your valiant Acts rehearse,
Or Praises justly sound?
Who ne're your back turn'd to your Foes,
Nor from a Town untaken rose.
With a *fa, la, &c.*

14.

But who for *British* Honour will,
Or Safety more take heed,
Since he who goes *French* Blood to spill,
Himself at Home must bleed?
Who *Popish* *Lewis* has undone,
By *Jews* and *Turks* is overthrow'n:
With a *fa, la, &c.*

15.

Ungrateful *Eng* — sav'd from Harms
By Heroes most Renown'd,
Who for their matchless Deeds of Arms
Have with Affronts been crown'd.
So far'd it once with great *Naj* —
So fares it now with *Marl* —
With a *fa, la, &c.*

Should *Lewis* be the Loser,
We still should Losers be,
Yea, should he give the *Indies* too,
Still more than that was He,
If neither, then in him we must
Have more than twice the *Indies* lost.
With a *fa, la, &c.*

17.

No more melodious Hoboys now;
Or warlike Trumpets Sound,
Take off the Wreaths from ev'ry Brow;
Your Arms and Lawrels ground;
And you who now lie round *Bouchain*,
Haste to *Nimeguen* back again.
With a *fa, la, &c.*

18.

Let *Lewis* give the Peace we crave,
'Tis plain we have been beat;
A greater Blow we could not have,
'Tis high time to retreat:
For since we're of our Head bereft,
No hopes but in our Heels are left.
With a *fa, la, &c.*

19.

And thou, brave *Eugene*, with him join'd
In Conquest, and in Love,
Your former Friendship bear in Mind,
And mourn his sad Remove.
What, though your Glories Partner's gone,
Persist to conquer now alone.
With a *fa, la, &c.*

20.

'Tis true, his Foes have gain'd their Ends,
It cannot be deny'd;
But neither *France's* Slaves nor Friends,
His Name can lay aside:
True *English* Hearts will still proclaim
Great *Marl* — with great *Eugene's* Fame.
With a *fa, la, la, la, la, la, la.*



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